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JUST PUBLISHED

PRICE IN

THE

MUSE'S WREATH

CONTAINING

HORNSEY WOOD

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY ALLEN DAVENPORT.

London :

PRINTED BY MRS. DAVISON, 37, DUKE STREET,
WEST SMITHFIELD.

TO BE HAD OF THE BOOKSELLERS ;
AND OF THE AUTHOR.



Price 1d.

Wm. H. Hall

PATRIOT'S WREATH;

P.P.

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COMPOSED OF

ORIGINAL SONGS AND POEMS:

BY ALLEN DAVENPORT.

PREFACE.

SHOULD the first number of this little work be approved of, and sufficient encouragement be given to the author to remunerate him for the printing and publishing of it, other numbers will follow in regular succession. Most of the Songs and Poems have appeared in the Periodicals; but it has been thought desirable that they should be collected into a little pocket volume for the convenience of the reader. The writer, therefore, relying on the generosity of his friends and an indulgent Public, with all due diffidence submits the "Patriot's Wreath" to the bar of public opinion, and hopes he shall obtain a merciful verdict from his jury.

THE MOVEMENT.*AIR—God save the King.*

Britons united rise,
 With all your energies,
 And meet the foe!
 Tory and Whig unite
 To trample down our right,
 Rise, then, in all your might,
 To strike the blow!

Your voice is the voice of God,
 The proudest thrones shall nod
 At your command ;
 Swear, on your fathers' graves,
 To be no longer slaves,
 See ! Freedom's banner waves
 Over the land.

The spirit of Reform
 Breaks through the clashing storm,
 With flag unfurl'd ;
 Hail it ! 'tis Heaven's decree
 To set all nations free,
 And to spread Liberty
 Over the world.

THE IRON GOD ;

OR THE MORAL OMNIPOTENCE OF THE PRESS.

HAIL ! glorious offspring of the human mind,
 'Thou great regenerator of mankind !
 With thee the march of intellect began ;
 To thee we owe that moral power of man,
 Which, like the mighty current of the Thames,
 Swells as it rolls, fed by a thousand streams ;
 That moral power which tyrants now must feel,
 Cannot be bound with chains, nor crush'd by steel !
 What greater gift to man could genius give ?
 What greater favour could mankind receive ?
 From thee all languages, the live and dead,
 Receive the stamp which makes them easy read ;
 From thee the mental treasures of the soul
 Receive their wings to fly from pole to pole !
 What are *the powers that be*, who hold the rod,
 Compared to thee, though but an iron god ?
 'Tis thou, omnipotent, must set us free ;
 What miracles have been perform'd by thee !
 All hopes are in, all eyes are on the press ;
 Let that be free, and who shall doubt success ?

Arm'd with the scales of Justice and the rod,
 It lashes folly, tyranny and fraud ;
 Repels oppression with the might of Jove,
 And causes human systems to improve ;
 Stamps immortality on honest fame,
 And brands the villain with eternal shame !
 The genius of the Press shall yet prevail,
 And conquer where the boldest armies fail ;
 For despots, whom no other powers distress,
 Shrink when they hear the thunders of the Press
 Roll through their kingdoms, in the civil storm,
 Proclaiming JUSTICE, FREEDOM, and REFORM !

THE STAR OF LIBERTY.

AIR—*Scots who have with Wallace bled.*

BRITONS, rise ! the time is come
 To strike all opposition dumb ;
 For though we are opposed by some,
 We must and will be free !
 Arise, unite, and nobly dare
 To hurl Oppression from her car,
 And rally round the rising star—
 The star of Liberty !

Labouring millions ! from your trance
 Awake, and to the front advance,
 Nor heed the hireling's pointed lance,
 Win Liberty or die !
 Then shall the listening nations round
 Gladly catch the cheering sound,
 And joy to see your efforts crown'd
 With glorious victory !

Revere the works of Thomas Paine,
 Who made the RIGHTS OF MAN so plain ;
 His COMMON SENSE shall ever reign,
 It set COLUMBIA free !

When her united millions rose
 To hurl destruction on her foes,
 No tyrant could her march oppose,
 She conquer'd!—so must we.

TRUTH THE REDEEMER.

AIR—*Ere around the huge oak.*

How painful to think of the days that are past,
 When proud Tyranny held the command,
 And the breath of the Despot, more rude than the blast,
 Scatter'd death over every land!

When the Harpies of War tore the flesh of mankind,
 While Oppression extended her rod;
 And the STAMPS UPON KNOWLEDGE fast fetter'd the mind
 Which was govern'd by violence and fraud.

But 'tis pleasing to see brighter prospects arise,
 With the dawn of a happier day,
 And the genius of knowledge breathe light as it flies,
 And drive mental darkness away!

A new Saviour is born, let us hail the new birth,
 Our redemption is now drawing near;
 For Truth, the Redeemer of man upon earth,
 Approaches, and soon will be here.

Then strike the loud harp, let the chorus arise,
 Proclaim her with trumpet and drum;
 Let the voices of nations ascend to the skies,
 She is coming! behold, she is come!

THE

PATRIOT'S WREATH.

THE GOLDEN GOD.

To try his subjects' hearts, a King of old
Set up an image or a god of gold,
To worship which there needed no decree
To force compliance ; for there were but three
Who would not sacrifice their peace and health
Upon the altar of the God of Wealth !
Nor shall the golden image be destroy'd,
While property is as it is enjoy'd.
Ask the monopolist why he worships gold,
He'll tell you every thing is bought and sold ;
That *Rothschild* buys, such wonders now are wrought,
A brighter world than that which *Didius* bought !
Nor is't to man alone that gold is given,
With golden keys Saint Peter opens Heaven !
So says the Pope, and so says every Priest ;
Then how can man the charms of gold resist ?
Yes, old King Neb * was right, gold is a god,
And few are they who pass without a nod.
Omnipotent, it glitters in our view—
Why was it not made omnipresent too ?
Then gold had been, like some inferior gems,
Unnoticed as the water in the Thames !
Or had the precious metals never been,
Thrice happy would have been the sons of men.

* Nebuchadnezzar.—Daniel, ch. x.

For gold one state against another fights—
 For gold a man usurps his brother's rights—
 For gold, our fields are changed to fields of blood,
 And cultivated but for private good ;
 Which as the air and water should be free,
 And in the balance of equality
 All should be weigh'd, on *Spence's glorious plan*,
 Which gives to every woman, child, and man,
 An equal interest in their native soil,
 That all who share the fruits, might share the toil !
 This would complete what God himself * design'd,
 And plant eternal justice in the mind !
 For this alone, whatever schemes are plann'd,
 Can raise up fallen men, and save the land.

THE DEATH OF MONARCHY.

Air—Marseillois Hymn.

BEYOND yon wide and stormy ocean,
 Behold the land of Liberty,
 Where war has ceased, and wild commotion,
 And peace and plenty crown the free !
 'Twas there where PAINE grew so alarming,
 And gave despotic princes *pain* ;
 He wrote ! and myriads soon were arming,
 To crush the tyrants of the main.
 Republicans, arise !
 Be sober, brave, and wise,
 And on the *Rights of Man* declare,
 That England shall be free.

Hark, hark ! I hear the cry of Union
 Fly through the land—a glorious sound !

* "I gave the earth to the children of men—gave it to them *in common*."—
 GOD.

What shall resist a close communion,
 Where all are by one interest bound ?
 The people, by the dint of numbers,
 The foes of Freedom can defeat.
 Hark ! Liberty, who never slumbers,
 Invites us to a happier state.
 Then let us swear with PAINE,
 That Liberty shall reign !
 Then Monarchy, the scourge of man,
 Shall struggle, groan, and die.

THE PROMISED LAND.

Air—Cottage near a Wood.

It is our duty to improve
 While we in this life remain,
 In every art of social love,
 That happiness may reign ;
 As every thing is doom'd to change,
 All around on every hand,
 If we new systems would arrange,
 We must seek the Promised Land.

For this let every man contend,
 And every woman too ;
 Then happiness shall crown the end
 Of the journey we pursue :
 For every blessing shall increase,
 As we march onward hand in hand,
 And all the storms of life shall cease,
 When we reach the Promised Land.

Give man but his Agrarian right,
 Then poverty will fly ;
 Oppression, too, will take her flight,
 And Tyranny will die.
 All shall be equal and be free,
 For then no lord shall slaves command ;
 All shall be one great Jubilee
 Throughout the Promised Land.

GOD AND NATURE.

You ask me what is God ? and I
 Am no way puzzled to reply ;
 My inward lights so clearly shine,
 That heavenly things I can define ;
 And can, though but a finite creature,
 Tell what is God, and what is Nature.
 Whatever can be seen and felt,
 Whatever can be heard and smelt,
 Whatever can be tasted, and
 All that the mind can understand,
 All that our wisdom can conceive,
 All that in which we can believe,
 All o'er which fancy ever trod,
 Is Nature ; all besides is God.
 This solves at once the mighty riddle,
 And breaks the metaphysic fiddle,
 On which the priest performs so clever,
 And settles what is God for ever.





Allen Davenport.



THE
MUSE'S WREATH:

COMPOSED OF

Original Poems,

BY ALLEN DAVENPORT.



Where shall the Muse impartial Judges find,
To judge her labours with unbias'd mind ?
Friends are too mild, and critics too severe ;
With both the passions always mount the chair.
The rose that bloom'd and freshen'd with the friend
Turns pale and withers in the critic's hand !
But multitudes of counsel may produce
A fair and honest verdict for the Muse ;
Then to the Public I at once appeal,
Indulgent, generous Public, hail, all hail !



LONDON :

Printed for the Author by W. Lowe, 37, New Compton
Street, Bloomsbury.
To be had of all Booksellers.

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William Herbert

1855

DEDICATION.

TO THE

Ladies and Gentlemen of Tollington Park.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—After the most earnest inquiries, in your neighbourhood, about these extraordinary beings—commonly called *fairies*; after the most minute examination of the records deposited in their archives; after tracing with the most scrutinizing eye the mysterious annals of the sylvan gods; and, after having seen and heard things which no mortal before was ever permitted to see and hear, I have, from the very curious materials thus collected, composed a little poem on, and concerning, the said fairies, interspersed with curious matters, which I hope will not be considered totally uninteresting.

Particularly to you, ladies and gentlemen, who reside so near the delightful and salubrious spot which the humble muse has attempted to celebrate. The more especially, as the elegant cottages which you inhabit, like gems round a picture, surround and ornament the beautiful centre.

Owing to the very limited means of the author, he has been enabled to submit a part only, instead of the whole poem, to your perusal.

But should you, ladies and gentlemen, in co-operation with an indulgent and generous public,

afford encouragement sufficient to the first part, to enable him to remunerate himself for printing, publishing, &c., the remainder of the poem will be published immediately; in which will be found the happy restoration of the *Fairy Queen*, and also a very curious account of the origin of the city of London, together with a short sketch of its progress,

Till it arriv'd at what we now behold,
Shops blaze with gems, and warehouses with gold.

Having introduced you to the pages of HORNSEY WOOD, I shall now take my leave of you, by subscribing myself,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

A. D.

Tollington Park, July, 1827.

HORNSEY WOOD.

DELIGHTFUL wood! a Muse, unknown to fame,
Seeks that fair goddess in thy well-known name:
Then oh! unfold thy brightest, richest, scenes,
Thy golden tinges, and thy various greens;
Thy walks, thy lakes, thy gardens of delight,—
Let all thy glories burst upon my sight!
Come every nymph, and every sylvan maid;
Come every Muse, and lend me all your aid!
Oh! hither come: be present while I sing,
Breathe o'er my harp, and soften ev'ry string;
Inspire those raptures that to verse belong,
Live in my numbers, and direct my song.

The incidents of this enchanting spot,
And wond'rous tales that long have been forgot,
About the name, the origin, and love,
Of him who first beheld this charming grove,
And plac'd Feronia on the fairy throne,
Round which her sylvan nymphs so long have
shone;
And all the pleasures of the sylvan reign,
The Muse shall sing, nor shall she sing in vain;
For fair Londonian maids shall hither throng,
And listen to the wild, romantic song.

'Twas sung of old, that from the bless'd abodes,
A bold descendant of the sylvan gods,

Who had, in old Arcadia, long been fam'd
 For gallantry and love, and Hornsia nam'd,
 Come hither to explore the fairy courts,
 And watch them gambol in their amorous sports;
 Plunge in their streams, or dance around the trees,
 'To the soft music of the summer breeze.
 A troop of Faries came one evening gay,
 'To celebrate the festivals of May,
 And weave fresh garlands for their beauteous Queen,
 Of every flower that bloom'd upon the green.
 A Heavenly veil, fraught with protecting pow'r,
 The leading nymph down her white shoulders wore;
 At length the bold Arcadian came in sight,
 And all the beauteous witches took to flight,
 Depending on the veil worn by the Fay,
 But ah! how vain they hope, how vain they pray:
 A zephyr snatched it from her braided hair,
 And bore it, dancing through the spicy air,
 Descending by degrees, and twirling round,
 At last it sunk, and lodg'd upon the ground;
 'This Hornsia saw, and flew with frantic haste,
 Snatch'd up the veil, and tied it round his waist;
 Love's hottest fires now burn'd in ev'ry vein,
 And urg'd him to pursue the virgin train;
 The hindmost nymph, more beauteous than the rest,
 Look'd wildly round, her looks her fears express'd;
 When with stretch'd arms, and amorous fury, he
 Grasp'd at the fairy, but embrac'd a tree!
 Another and another, he pursu'd,
 Who, at his touch, chang'd into various wood:
 Some into poplars chang'd, and some to oaks,
 And stretch'd their branchy arms o'er the green
 walks.

Each Fay, according to her quality,
 Became a flower, a plant, a shrub, or tree,
 Till every one had undergone her fate,
 And HORNSEY WOOD stood beauteous and complete !
 For so this new Arcadia then was nam'd,
 From old Sylvanus' son, for hunting fam'd,
 Who, with wild looks, in blank amazement stood
 With eyes fixed stedfast on the new-raiſ'd wood,
 Where all was wonder, that his eye could see,
 And he himself seem'd changing to a tree !

A female figure of the fairy kind,
 Fair as the vision of the lover's mind,
 Half veil'd and half expos'd there bending stood,
 Like Venus rising from the foaming flood !
 Her panting breasts through the green laurels
 shone,

Like globes of snow set with cornelian stone ;
 Her polish'd arms in graceful curves were plac'd,
 One hand her bosom veil'd, and one her waist ;
 A crest of pearls adorn'd her forehead fair,
 And strings of brilliants bound her silky hair ;
 Celestial sweetness glow'd all o'er her face,
 And every feature wore superior grace ;
 Her form, her features, and her Heavenly mien,
 Bespoke her rank, 'twas Mab ! the Fairy Queen !
 Who had come forth to seek her absent maids,
 And call them back to their own native shades.

No sooner did she meet fierce Hornsia's eyes,
 Than he, to seize the beauteous object, flies ;
 The timid Fairy trembles and retires,
 But timid beauties most increase desires ;
 And swift he flew, but swifter still flew she,
 While she run round and round the poplar tree ;

For that fair tree that lent her speed such aid,
 Was late her confident, her favourite maid!
 But finding that the circular race was vain,
 He cross'd, and dodg'd, and forc'd her to the
 plain :

Unable longer to sustain the chace,
 She fell, and with her fell the Fairy race!
 When he, with throbbing breast and burning cheek,
 Sunk down in raptures on her radiant neck,
 And from her lips suck'd the ambrosial dew
 In spite of all the struggling Fay could do.
 She call'd her nymphs, but ah! she call'd in vain,
 Her nymphs no longer hear their Queen complain.
 "O, fate! and Heaven!" she cried, "to you I bow,
 'Tis you alone that can console me now.

Let me for ever weep among these shades,
 Deplore my wrongs, and mourn my absent maids."

She pray'd, and to a fountain she was chang'd,
 Upon that plain where she so lately rang'd;
 The timid fawns the flowery spot forsake,
 And the green lawn became a crystal lake;
 The crystal lake the name of Fairy bears,
 Supplies her urn, and treasures up her tears!
 Hence you look down upon the vale below,
 Round which the horizon extends its bow,
 Where distance tinges with a misty blue,
 The charming landscape that enchants the view;
 Where villas, villages, and rural cots,
 Roads, rivers, bridges, tea-gardens, and grots,
 And fields, and meadows rich with every dye,
 All crowd upon the sight to feast the eye.
 Nor is the ear less feasted than the sight,
 If rural sounds can give the ear delight;

The lark, the linnet, nightingale, and thrush,
 Pour out their little souls from every bush ;
 Besides, a thousand other tuneful throats,
 Perform their parts with wild and various notes :
 The sober cuckoo from her lofty elm,
 Looks down with pride upon the feathery realm,
 And there, with notes, monotonous and slow,
 Marks time to the sweet melody below.

More southward stands, wrapt in a misty cloud,
 The world's metropolis, London the proud !
 The Queen of cities, wealth's imperial seat,
 The free assylum of the good and great ;
 The friend of learning, mistress of the arts,
 The soul of commerce, and the mart of marts !
 Whence on fine summer eves in beauteous trains,
 Londonian nymphs, attended by their swains,
 Throng every field, and every road that leads
 To these fair gardens, and delightful shades !
 Nor can the whole surrounding country boast,
 An abler vintner, or a kinder host ;
 His greatest study is to entertain,
 And please the taste of every nymph and swain,
 Who hither comes to spend their leisure hours,
 In pleasing chat beneath his rural bowers ;
 And quaf his sherry, port, champaign, divine,
 His nectar, negus, hock, and mountain wine,
 Or sip delicious tea, enchanting dew !
 A luxury that Fairies never knew.
 Here, too, the spruce mechanic may regale,
 And treat his favourite lass with cakes and ale,
 Or cyder, that rich cordial of the west,
 Which summer heats make grateful to the taste ;

While others, jolly souls, think 'tis no sin,
 To crack a biseuit with a glass of gin!
 For every guest is readily supplied,
 While peace and sober merriment preside.
 Here pleasure is the order of the day,
 And every party seek it their own way:
 Some figure gayly on the promenade,
 Around the fairy lake, upon the glade,
 Where beauty emulates the sun by day,
 And when it sets becomes the milky way!
 Some take the boat, which floats upon the tide,
 In rustic structure, and in painted pride,
 Who mimics, in her course, conjugal strife,
 The ins and outs, and ups and downs, of life!
 The unskill'd voyagers gravely tug the oar,
 Amidst the jokes and laughter from the shore.
 Live, charming boat! since thou canst charm
 the throng,
 Live in the lake! live in the muse's song!
 Should Sunday saints command her to surrender,
 I'll jump on board, and with my life defend her!
 Some, unconfin'd, through the green meadows
 stray,
 Collect wild flowers, or gambol in the hay,
 Where the *New River* slowly rolls its tide,
 Queen of the rills, and London's second pride!
 Hail, wandering stream! ah! can the grateful muse,
 A tribute to his memory refuse,
 Who sought thy mother in the streams of Ware,
 Brought thee to town, and made thee all his care?
 'Twas Middleton! the pride of civic fame,
 And though no monument records his name,

This, his own stream, shall through these
meadows stray,

When monuments of brass are swept away!

Let brass and marble rise o'er streams of blood,

Philanthropy flows like this generous flood,

It seeks no praise, no thanks, no monument;

It does what good it can, and dies content!

The gentler lovers seek the close retreat,

Explore the wood, or press the mossy seat,

And there, in amorous chat, consume the day;

Then chide the time that flies so fast away.

The bolder swain, amidst the prickly brake,

Invites his sylvan maid to hide and seek;

But she's no sooner hid than found again,

The tittering laugh betrays her to her swain,

Who claims the penalty, and takes the kiss,

Which custom grants, nor beauty takes amiss.

'Tis somewhere said that old Diogenes

Sat in a tub to read and moralize;

So here are tubs for every wag that chooses

To try his wit, and dally with the muses!

And some we have, who scruple not to smut

The crooked staves of the old porter-butt,*

And think they have philosophy enough,

If they can raise a blush, or cause a laugh.

While in another place the scrib'ling clerk,

Writes witty things upon the tree's smooth bark;

The silent tree proclaims the writer's name,

And as it grows bears up his *rising* fame!

Here too the child of genius loves to stray,

And hail with raptures the bright God of day,

* The seats round some parts of the lake are made of old porter-butts; quite a-la-Diogenes.

As he ascends to give the morning birth,
 And pour his glories o'er the waking earth ;
 Or in the evening, when his setting rays
 Light up the neighbouring hills and bid them blaze,
 And leave, as deeper in the west they pass,
 A burning lamp on every pane of glass,
 Of those fair cottages that now surround,
 And richly ornament this fairy ground.
 His eager eye to every object flies,
 And every object bids new thoughts arise,
 Within his breast, where philosophic fire,
 Warms every thought that objects can inspire ;
 He strains his sight to look through Nature's laws,
 Marks the effect, and seeks its parent cause ;
 Views Nature's revolutionary state,
 Observes her decompose and re-create,
 And sees, though blind, to the life-giving power,
 That matter goes through changes every hour,
 That not a grain in Nature's ample frame,
 For one short moment can remain the same !
 And yet it wastes not, howe'er 'tis employ'd,
 Change as it may, it cannot be destroy'd :
 It falls in man, then rises up in grass,
 And through a hundred changes quickly pass ;
 And by a process, easily to scan,
 That which was grass becomes a living man !
 Thus, matter works, and subjects to its powers,
 Men chang'd to grass, and women chang'd to
 flowers !
 But let the philosophic bard pursue
 Such lofty themes, though not more high than true ;
 The humbler muse, pleas'd with a softer lay,
 Shall sing where love and beauty point the way.

In after-time, for so 'tis sung or said,
 A son of Venus left the Paphian shade ;
 Forsook the graces, and the queen of love,
 To hunt and fish in this elysian grove :
 Londonus was the wandering hero's name,
 Who hither came in quest of sylvan fame.
 No sooner had the day began to break
 Than he commenced his tour around the lake,
 Casting an anxious eye upon the flood,
 Till he arriv'd at where the fountain stood ;
 And, counting on the joys that were to come,
 He quite forgot the pleasures left at home :
 But when the golden fish began to play,
 And tempt his hand in every pleasing way,
 He found that all his brightest hopes were vain,
 Of making war upon the finney train,
 For he had left his fishing line and hook
 Hung o'er the willows, by the Phrygian brook.
 With disappointment stung he sought the wood,
 And o'er the sad mishap began to brood ;
 When, looking down, as if to shun the light,
 A string of glittering stars broke on his sight !
 It was the golden string of brilliants fair,
 That bound the Queen of Fairy's silky hair,
 Which was torn from her head by the rough wood,
 In her wild flight when Hornsia pursued :
 He held it up, and then in raptures said,
 " 'Twill make a fishing line !" and so it did.
 To a long rod one end he hastily strung,
 While at the other end a coral hung,
 Which in celestial hair had once been braided,
 Now blush'd more deeply to be so degraded ;

Thus to be made a worm, a bait for fishes,
 To gratify a bold usurper's wishes !
 Meantime he tied, with an exulting grin,
 Close to the blushing gem a crooked pin !
 His fishing tackle, now, was quite complete,
 And hope, with smiles, resum'd her former seat.
 Thus arm'd, he hasten'd to the water's side,
 And cast his hook into the silver tide :
 The glowing coral caught the fishes view,
 And he drag'd out a tickle-back or two !
 This rais'd his anger, and he almost swore,
 And grew quite as ill-temper'd as before ;
 But while another little fish was mounting,
 He drew the glittering line across the fountain,
 Whose water in a moment ceas'd to flow,
 And on its top fine hair began to grow ;
 Which soon turn'd into ringlets *full* and fair,
 But not so *full* as modern beauties wear !
 A polish'd forehead next appear'd in view,
 Then two bright eyes of deep celestial blue ;
 A nose, a mouth, a chin ; and while the neck
 Was forming, o'er the smooth transparent cheek
 The charming bloom, the living glow was given !
 With pencils blushing with the tints of heaven !
 Londonus gaz'd, impatient to behold
 What beauties the next moment would unfold :
 But when the arms and breasts, of snowy white,
 Were fram'd, and bursted on his ravish'd sight,
 The gathering storm of passion in his breast
 Grew too tumultuous to be long suppress'd.
 A thin light robe, wrought by celestial art,
 Fell loosely down and veil'd the lower part,

Except the feet, which in the water stood,
 And shone like polish'd iv'ry through the flood.
 The charm was broke ; the figure stood complete,
 And all was beauteous ! all, from head to feet !
 Londonus first the maddening silence broke,
 And wildly thus, with trembling accents spoke :—
 “ O nymph ! or goddess ! or whate'er thou art,
 Speak, lovely being, and thy wish impart ;
 Say what assistance may a stranger give :
 Art thou a shade ? or dost thou really live ?
 If thou hast life, my hand, my heart command ! ”
 She spoke not, but held out her snowy hand.
 Londonus flew, and in an instant bore
 The second queen of beauty to the shore ;
 Where she related what the muse has sung,
 But with a softer voice and sweeter tongue.
 She thank'd Londonus with a flood of tears,
 Then with a piteous look express'd her fears :
 “ 'Tis in your power, but I cannot distrust
 Him who has been so generous and so just ;
 And who restor'd me thus to second life,
 To be admir'd, perchance to be a wife !
 'Tis in your pow'r, while you possess those
 charms,
 To fill my gentle bosom with alarms,
 But you are tenderness itself ! ” she cried.
 To which Londonus hastily repli'd ;
 “ The gems are yours ! take back the glittering
 chain ;
 I scorn the power to give such beauty pain !
 Take, too, my hand, my heart, my soul, my life ;
 O, were I but allow'd to call you wife ! ”

She smil'd, and selz'd the jewels with delight,
 And in a moment vanish'd from his sight !
 Londonus, fill'd with wonder and surprise,
 Cast wildly round and round his doubting eyes ;
 But finding that he strain'd his sight in vain,
 He sunk down on his mossy seat again :
 Once more he glanc'd his anxious eyes around,
 Then hung his head, and fix'd them on the ground ;
 The birds were hush'd, the sun no longer shone,
 A gloom prevail'd,—Londonus seem'd a stone !
 At length his breast became convuls'd with sighs,
 And tears of maddening rage burst from his eyes,
 When, like a maniac, raving to the wind,
 He thus express'd his wild distracted mind :—
 “ Come earthquake, whirlwind, thunder, light-
 ning, storm,
 I heed ye not, you have not woman's form !
 Ingratitude, which heaven cannot escape,
 Creation's curse, is in the female shape !
 The gods may thunder on, and shake the spheres ;
 But are they proof against a woman's tears ?
 Her tears subdu'd my soul, and led me on
 To love, to madness, and to be undone !
 How fair she was ? how lovely to be view'd ?
 But ah, how faithless ! What ingratitude !
 She might have spoke before she work'd the
 spell ;
 She might have said, “ Londonus, fare-thee-well ! ”
 But she is gone, and left no trace behind,
 Except the daggers planted in my mind.
 If thus, by love, my bosom can be torn,
 Ah, what avails my being goddess born ?

Poor love-lorn man can to destruction fly,
But I am curs'd with immortality !”

Londonus ceas'd, and yielded to despair,
And seem'd condemn'd to nurse eternal care ;
But while he hopeless sat beneath the wood,
The fairy re-appear'd, and near him stood,
Clad in the brightest robes, from head to toe,
That Venus and the graces could bestow.
A sparkling veil, thrown careless from her face,
Fell on her neck, and gave exquisite grace ;
Her waist was girted with a golden zone,
And wreaths of gems, around her forehead shone,
Spreading around a thousand coloured blaze,
Which the wing'd insects took for solar rays,
In which they flutter'd, and their maze begun,
As if the light had been the rising sun !
The birds resum'd, and sung more sweet and loud ;
And Phœbus, who had hid behind a cloud,
As if grown jealous of the rival light,
Now bursted forth and shone with all his might ;
But all his glories could not overpower,
For she shone ten times brighter than before !
Some spirit whisper'd in Londonus' ear
“ Rise, son of Venus, why dost thou despair !”
Londonus startl'd like one from the tomb,
Who had been summon'd to his final doom !
Then on her dazzling form he fix'd his eyes,
And thus express'd his wonder and surprise :
“ Mysterious fate ! can things be as they seem ?
Am I awake ? or do I only dream ?
Art thou fair Iris, sent in search of me ?
Or art thou Venus ? No ! 'tis she ! 'tis she !

Speak, child of light ! dispel these dire alarms !”
 She answer'd not, but sunk into his arms.
 This spoke a language to Londonus' heart,
 Which all the pomp of words could not impart ;
 'Twas that of love, by inspiration given,
 To those whose passion is approv'd by heaven !
 In close embrace they on each other hung ;
 Deep were their sighs, but silent was each tongue.
 At length the goddess rais'd her soft blue eyes,
 And freely spoke, disdaining all disguise.
 Londonus, I may now confess my love,
 Since 'tis approv'd by VENUS, and by JOVE !
 I own you have been too severely tried,
 But I had vow'd ne'er to become your bride,
 Till I had visited the bless'd abodes,
 And there obtain'd the sanction of the gods.
 This I have done, and 'tis the will of Jove,
 To raise a city near this charming grove,
 Which through a thousand ages shall be fam'd,
 And from our love, Londonus shall be nam'd !”
 Londonus press'd her to his throbbing breast,
 With feelings too intense to be express'd ;
 Then led her to the scented myrtle bower,
 Adorn'd with every sweet and beauteous flower ;
 There, on a couch of roses, they dismiss
 Their fears, and sink into connubial bliss ;
 And in a wild delirium of delight,
 And melting raptures, waste the nuptial night !
 Till Phœbus peep'd from heaven to call them up,
 And all the gods, upon Olympus' top,
 Had met in council to hear Jove's command,
 Where the imperial city was to stand ;

When Neptune rose, the father of the floods,
 And thus address'd the goddesses and gods :
 " I rise not to oppose, but to approve,
 'The glorious scheme proposed by brother Jove !
 'To give another favourite city birth,
 'That gods may visit and enjoy the earth.
 I've often wish'd, since the sad fall of Troy,
 Which gave Jove so much pain and Juno joy,
 That heaven would raise upon its favourite isle,
 A city worthy of her streams and soil,
 And of her future heroes, who shall prove
 Invincible to all, save fate and Jove !"
 He ceas'd, and heaven resounded with applause,
 E'en Juno smil'd upon the popular cause !
 What Jove had first proposed was now decreed ;
 And Hermes flew, with more than common speed,
 To bear the glorious charter to the earth,
 Which gave a city and fair freedom birth !

He found Londonus, with his fairy love,
 Collecting roses in the flowery grove ;
 To whom the joyful tidings he imparts :
 The joyful tidings cheer'd their gentle hearts,
 Which overflow'd with love and gratitude,
 To gods so noble, generous, just, and good !
 He led them to a sweet sequester'd spot,
 Far from a town, a village, or a cot :
 'Twas near where Thames pours his majestic
 flood
 Into the empire of the watery god ;
 And there, amidst trees, shrubs, and beauteous
 flowers,
 They rais'd arcades, and sweet delicious bowers :

The work was rapid, as you may suppose ;
 A village first, and then a town arose ;
 A city next, of palaces, arise,
 With domes and temples that salute the skies !
 Thus far the gods, who then resign their plan,
 To be completed by laborious man ;
 For there is nought that heaven delights to see,
 So much as feats of human industry.
 As ages roll'd away the city grew
 In wealth, in fame, in bulk and splendour too,
 Till it advanc'd at what we now behold,
 Shops blaze with gems, and warehouses with gold !
 Vast mines of wealth flow'd in with every tide,
 And splendid villas rose on every side.
 The world was ransack'd to adorn the fair,
 And gems, unvalued, grac'd their necks and hair.
 The men were cloth'd in scarlet, silk, and lace,
 And feminine in manners and in face ;
 Such self-admirers, that NARCISSUS' fate
 Would well apply to a more modern date,
 But while great Jove, with a resistless hand,
 Protects the city which his wisdom plan'd,
 And while old Neptune guards the sea-born isle,
 The silken sons of pleasure still may smile
 At all the threats and plots of foreign foes ;
 For who shall conquer while the gods oppose ?
 Such was its origin, and such its fame ;
 'Twas call'd *Londonus* from its founder's name,
 But 'twas abridg'd as generations run down ;
 The *us* was drop'd, and now its name is,—London.

FINIS.

LONDON.

LONDON ! when will thy encroachments end ?
 Must every valley rise, and mountain bend ?
 Must fields and gardens yield on every side,
 And shall no boundaries restrain thy pride ?
 Ah ! whither would'st thou stretch thy lengthing
 arms ?

Thy usurpations fill me with alarms.
 Dost thou believe that time cannot destroy
 And crumble thee to dust ? so once thought TROY !
 And so thought BABYLON of mighty fame,
 Of which no wreck remain except the name !
 And CARTHAGE too, once great in arms like thee,
 And, like thee too, the mistress of the sea,
 Has disappear'd, and left no trace behind
 To satisfy the antiquarian's mind ;
 And future ages shall for thee inquire,
 As we ask now for Carthage, Thebes, and Tyre !
 The learned then, when ask'd where LONDON stood,
 Shall answer " where yon cattle crop their food ! "

But 'tis not my intention to presage
 The revolutions of a future age :
 Let other wights, who love to prophesy
 The woes that may befall posterity,
 Foretell the changes that are yet to come,
 As ancient bards foretold the fate of Rome !
 The present ills are quite enough for me,
 Without anticipating fate's decree.
 While liberty and labours *due* are mine,
 At fate's decrees my soul shall ne'er repine.

O, liberty ! thou bright celestial maid !
 To thee all ages have their homage paid ;
 For thee the patriot has rais'd his voice,
 Amidst eternal snows and rocks of ice !
 The present is a speculating age ;
 Go on, then, builders ! and exhaust your rage ;
 In building let your capital be spent ;
 Let LONDON daily grow in her extent ;
 Build up the space ; let Bath and London join !
 Extend her to Newcastle on the Tyne !
 Let all our cities be together thrown,
 And make old England one imperial town ;
 Then, like the bold Chinese, build on the flood,
 But spare, oh ! spare, one spot ! spare HORNSEY
 Wood !

Great Terminus* ! 'tis thee whom I invoke,
 O shield me from that pestilential smoke,
 That over London in dark clouds arise,
 To suffocate the lungs and blind the eyes ;
 Which in the summer darkens half the light,
 And turns a winter's day to darkest night !
 Grant this request,—O, grant the muse's pray'r !
 And let her breathe in peace the wholesome air.

* The god who presides over boundaries.

THE COTTAGE IN WHICH I WAS BORN*.

ON the green shady banks by the Thames' silver
side,

Where the nightingale sings on the thorn,
Encircld by willows that droop o'er the tide,
Stands the cottage in which I was born.

How oft in my childhood I wander'd astray,
Where the cowslips the meadows adorn,
And with garlands return'd at the close of the day,
To the cottage in which I was born.

With transport I then ev'ry blessing beheld,
For plenty was there with her horn ;
And peace and contentment continually dwell'd,
In the cottage in which I was born.

But happiness fled when my fond mother died ;
When from her embrace I was torn :
“ O ! let me expire with my mother,” I cry'd
In the cottage in which I was born.

And, ah ! my poor father no longer look'd gay,
He constantly wept o'er her urn ;
Till grief and affliction had worn him away,
In the cottage in which I was born.

(* This is the third time this affecting little poem has appeared before the public.

On his widowed couch he reclined his head,
 With sadness and sorrow outworn ;
 How I begg'd for his life as I hung round his bed !
 In the cottage in which I was born.

But all was in vain, for his moments had fled,
 And he saw me an orphan forlorn ;
 “ Heaven bless my lov'd child ! ” cry'd my dear
 dying dad,
 In the cottage in which I was born.

My trouble increased with every day,
 My distress could no longer be borne ;
 When the fiends of oppression seiz'd fast on their
 prey,
 On the cottage in which I was born.

Those wicked usurpers now on me look cold,
 But I treat their contumely with scorn ;
 Yet my breast bleeds afresh when I sighing behold
 The cottage in which I was born.

Then farewell, sweet Isis ! ye meadows adieu !
 I left them no more to return ;
 But oh ! what I felt, when I took a last view
 Of the cottage in which I was born.

THE MUSIAD.

Poor child of genius ! fortune's glittering toy,
 Born to adorn the world, but not to enjoy ;
 For fame he toils, and e'en for that poor prize,
 Oft toils in vain, or fate the boon denies,
 Till tardy laurels deck his mouldering head,
 And fame, that cheats the living, mocks the dead.
 Fame, that vain echo of the empty blast,
 That rainbow symbol of a tempest past ;
 Which, when the storm has seal'd the sufferer's doom,
 Extends its arch of beauty o'er his tomb !——Neele.

“ My kingdom for a horse ! ” brave Richard cried,
 As he rush'd wildly thro' the battle field ;
 So would the Muse, to have another ride
 On Pegasus, her crown of laurels yield :
 But 'tis not easy to select a hero,
 Though they are num'rous in the present reign.
 We've an Augustus, Spaniards have their Nero,
 And France a Charley though no Charlemagne ;

And Frederick, Francis, Nicholas, and carl John,
 Are also heroes of the modern school ;
 Don Miguel too, and the Brazilian Don,
 Are no exceptions to the general rule :—
 The various heroes of the present age,
 Whose deeds the wondering multitude applauds,
 Their names alone would fill up many a page,
 For they are num'rous as old Homer's gods.

Nay, e'en the whigs are heroes in their way,
 And lately seem'd determined not to yield,
 But tory heroes, greater still than they,
 Arose *en mass* and drove them from the field !
 Some seem surprised that Wellington should lead,
 But that to me seems neither odd nor strange ;
 Therefore the Muse shall sing of heroes dead,
 Since living heroes are so apt to change.

But, oh ! how difficult to frame a song,
 Now amateurs of verse are grown so common ;
 And every path trod by the tuneful throng,
 Has been trod long before by man or woman :
 Sure this old world arrived at god knows what
 age,
 And filled with poets, heroes, quacks and botches,
 Is grown insane, or else 'tis in its dotage,
 Needs a strait-waistcoat or a pair of crutches.

Nay, more than twice ten hundred years ago,
 If Israel's king and prophet spoke the truth,
 On earth was nothing new beneath the sun,
 Though then the world was only in its youth !
 But tuneless writers turn verse into prose,
 While prose is set to music by the poet ;
 Then if his critics should the trick expose,
 He wonders how the devil they came to know
 it.

Some learned fools translate an ancient book,
 And take away a portion for their trouble ;
 Some into *Liber manu scriptus* look,
 Which give them an advantage more than double:
 For there are manuscripts of rarest merit,
 That ne'er have been, and ne'er may be in
 print,
 From which the blockhead, with more gold than
 spirit,
 Purloins a thought or two, and many a hint.

Some buy up manuscripts at lowest price,
 Ere their intrinsic worth is fairly known,
 Then, through prospectus, the dull world entice
 To purchase and believe it all their own !
 It is the surest plan for wealthy dunces,
 Who have just wit enough to know they want
 sense,
 To buy by pounds and sell it out by ounces,
 Adulterated with their own sweet nonsense !

'Tis quite in vain that genius mounts Pegasus,
 While frowning Plutus holds the narrow pass,
 For wealth will be the first upmount Parnassus,
 Though, like Silenus, mounted on an ass !
 How shall the aidless muse, without a guide,
 Or friend, or patron, cross the sacred stream,
 That washes that delightful mountain's side,
 Where stands the temple of poetic fame ?

This lower world is govern'd by three gods,
 Who in the human passions hold their reign ;
 Their godships travel in three different roads,
 And, like a comet, travel with a train :—
 The first is Plutus, or the god of treasure,
 Who ever will command the greatest throng ;
 The second Bacchus, or the god of pleasure ;
 Then comes the god of poverty and song !

The miser seals his bags, and starves 'midst
 plenty,
 The epicurean spreads his gold too wide,
 Who swallows down disease with every dainty,
 And by degrees commits a suicide !
 With eyes fix'd stedfast on Parnassus' steep,
 The poet sings, and wastes his tuneful breath,
 Then leaves some friendly muse to sing and weep
 His premature, perhaps untimely, death.

So wasted Blacket, Chatterton, and Keates,
 Each, like the swan, sung his own elegy ;
 But sung unpitied by the ruthless fates,
 Who robb'd the world of their sweet melody.
 Ah ! why does man waste life with care and pain,
 To grasp at objects that still mock his view ?
 Why worship fame, that phantom of the brain,
 Since genius' self produces little new ?

But why do I, the foolish question ask ?

The life of man is nothing but a dream ;
E'en I have taken up the arduous task ;

To stand the poll for literary fame !
Unlike the candidate for legislation,
Who squanders thousands on a rotten borough,
I sing, like many others in my station,
To charm away dull care and banish sorrow.

Nay, e'en when disappointment, care and pain,
Shut every cheering prospect from my view,
Hope conjures up new visions, and, again,
The *ignis fatuus* muses I pursue :
With anxious zeal I mark their rapid flight ;
But when I trace their dubious course on paper,
I find, too late, instead of heavenly light,
The light that lures is but an earthly vapour.

But this is wandering somewhat from the point,
And every reader may not like degression ;
It often puts a story out of joint,
Or breaks the author's thread of fair progression :
Originality, as critics prove,
Is seldom in the moderns to be found ;
The ancients had it from the gods above,
But Turks ! not gods, breathe now o'er classic
ground.

All is a mended or a marr'd edition,
 The tale, the style, the language, and the plot ;
 All imitation, or all repetition
 Of things remembered, or of things forgot.
 Perchance old Homer's lofty thought and style,
 Which seem no less original than sublime,
 Sprang from the ashes of the funeral pile
 Of predecessors of still earlier time.

The planets of the universe of letters,
 Like other stars, shine with a borrow'd light,
 And Homer, whether in or out of fetters, *
 Divides the intellectual day from night.
 Virgilius sought the mighty Homer's tomb,
 And, unmolested, pluck'd the choicest flowers ;
 Then with great care transplanted them at Rome,
 To sweeten and adorn the muses' bowers.

Delightful flowers ! 'twas you inspired *Æneas*,
 When the sweet Mantuan swan your leaves
 unfurl'd
 That everlasting monument of genius,
 And second pillar of the epic world !
 Here genius paus'd to view his own display ;
 For every muse shrunk from the glorious light,
 When they beheld that sun of mental day,
 Succeed a long, and dark tempestuous night !

It shone, without a rival or eclipse,
 For the long space of twice eight hundred years,
 When heavenly fire inspir'd more hallow'd lips,
 And Milton's star deep in the north appears ;
 Yet Milton, had the *Æneid* never been,
 Had not the *Iliad* his bold flights sustain'd,
 Might ne'er have soar'd so high, nor we have seen
 His glorious Paradise ! Lost and Regain'd !

Those three great poets' claims the world divide ;
 And critics doubted which was best or worst,
 Till Johnson's nervous judgment did decide,
 That each would have been best had he been
 first.

Then let those favourites of the tuneful nine,
 Constellate, and become one grand triune ;
 Let their united light for ever shine,
 One constellation ! one eternal sun !

Round whom, let rising geniuses revolve,
 And, from their orbits, draw " empyreal air ;"
 Apollo shall support the grand resolve,
 And grant the bold and honest poet's prayer.
 Ah ! must we ne'er look on their like again ?
 Shall no more Homers, Virgils, charm our eyes ?
 Did Heaven ? did nature ? or did fate ordain,
 That no more " glorious Miltons" should arise ?

In vain Apollo strikes the golden lyre,
 In vain the muses tune the silver lute,
 To warm some modern bard with heavenly fire ;
 For to the heavenly call each bard is mute :—
 Or if he sing, he wants that energy,
 That lifts the soul up to the bold sublime ;
 His harp is strung not for eternity,
 He sings content with the applause of time !

Strange apathy ! and lives there not a bard
 To seize a subject that would raise his fame ;
 Which, if with true Homeric fire declar'd,
 Would make his song immortal as his theme ?
 Napoleon ! can no muse be found to sing
 His actions, which no parallel can strike,
 Whether the soldier, statesman, or the king,
 Six thousand years could not produce his like !

What though he was ambitious ? he was great :
 We're bound his usurpations to forgive ;
 Nay, more, we may lament his hapless fate,
 While greater tyrants are allow'd to live !
 If Homer rais'd an everlasting name
 On the besieger of a single town,
 And if *Achilles* merit endless fame,
 What claims has not Napoleon to renown ?

If Virgil sung in never-dying strains,
 To place *Æneas* in the deathless throng,
 To be remember'd while the world remains,
 What claims has not Napoleon to our song?
 If Milton sung how heaven's eternal king
 Shook heaven and hell when he his thunder
 hurl'd,
 Shall no aspiring bard be found to sing
 The modern Jove that shook the nether world !

His throne was rear'd amidst the thunder's roar,
 Though twenty nations arm'd in opposition,
 Upon the ruins of despotic power,
 Feudalic systems, and the inquisition !
 He taught the furious bigot how to cool,
 He fix'd the doubtful soldier's wavering mind,
 He led to martial deeds the timid fool ;
 When he advanced no coward skulk'd behind.

The earth's extremes resounded with his name,
 His counsel rul'd, or seem'd to rule, the fates,
 While kings and emperor's proclaim'd his fame,
 And paid him homage in their different states !
 But from the pinnacle of glory driven,
 Crush'd in the *trial scene*, ere it was done,
 Like an exploding world o'erwhelm'd by heaven,
 He fell ! but France still hails the *rising sun*.

His eyes shot martial fire with their last glance ;
 His latest thought was on his darling son,
 Whose destiny is link'd to that of France ;
 He saw, he felt, and died without a groan.
 The curling whirlwinds sung his fun'ral dirge,
 And bore his spirit to the highest spheres ;
 The foaming ocean roar'd, and many a surge
 Wash'd his sepulchral rock with briny tears.

Loud peals of thunder, on the tow'ring steep,
 Proclaim'd his mighty genius was no more ;
 The howling winds rush'd o'er the boundless
 deep,
 And bore the tidings to the English shore.
 Britannia to a dreary cavern fled,
 Soon as the fatal tidings were made known,
 And there, unseen, deplor'd the mighty dead,
 And wept ! for she had heroes of her own !

" I grant he was my enemy," she said,
 " And oft he felt the thunder of my arm,
 But when his sceptre at my feet was laid,
 I pitied him, and no more wish'd him harm.
 'Tis dastardly to aggravate the woe
 Inflicted on a conquer'd enemy ;
 But noble to protect a fallen foe,
 And render justice to his memory."

Then make the epic temple all complete,
And let another column reach the skies ;
A matchless hero claims the upmost seat,
Whose deeds make *Iliads* seem realities !
Inscribe it to the great of every land ;
Let every chief the moral lesson read,
“ That mad ambition carries in her hand,
The means by which her victims are betray'd :

That glory's nothing but a transient blaze,
A comet, which the world admire and dread,
A blazing star, a meteor's burning rays,
A sun that scorches e'en the victor's head !”
Hence they may learn that to be great in peace,
They've but to listen to truth's gentle call,
To render justice to the human race,
And leave the springs of knowledge free to all.

THE GLOBE.

EACH earthly blessing that is heap'd on man,
 Proceeds from bounteous Nature's glorious plan ;
 'Tis from the hints which Nature's self imparts
 That man invents the sciences and arts.
 The very spit on which revolves the feast,
 With which the host regales his welcome guest,
 Was not contriv'd without a special hint,
 From Nature's book, in bold and handsome print ;
 For this great globe, which on its axis turns,
 Before the sun alternate cools and burns,
 And may be call'd, without distorting wit,
 The " universal joint upon the spit !"

And, faithful to the culinary plan,
 The ocean may be term'd the dripping-pan,
 Whose liquid essence up in vapour tow'rs,
 And bastes the roasting ball with genial show'rs.
 While gravitation, like the twirling jack,
 Impels the spit around its central track.
 Thus Nature, ever bounteous, ever kind,
 Prepares the constant feast for all mankind :
 And every creature else, as well as man :
 So generous and so just is Nature's plan.

THE TRANSFORMATION :

A POETICAL TALE.

ONE day, a poet, Tom his Christian name,
 A persevering candidate for fame,
 Popp'd on a Critic, rather by surprise,
 And placed his last-born child before his eyes ;
 " There," said the poet, " read those humble lays,
 'Tis from the Critics we receive the bays ;
 The lettered world is governed by your laws,
 An author's highest aim is your applause :
 Possess of that, he draws his other good,
 From the inferior world—the multitude."

The sage, with barnacles across his nose,
 First viewed the speaker well from top to toes,
 To see, no doubt, if his physiognomy,
 Would with a bard's employment well agree ;
 And when he'd closely criticised the man,
 The oracle of Phœbus thus began :—
 " Truth is my motto, and I tell you plain,
 I fear that all your efforts will be vain ;
 This piece abounds with error and mistake,
 Here's little that's too strong, but much too weak ;
 This simile is low, and eke obscene ;
 And here, there wants a link or two between ;
 See ! in these lines no meaning can be found ;
 You've lost the sense, in grasping at the sound !
 There are some couplets passable, 'tis true,
 But when selected they will be but few ;

I'll mark each line that will not stand the test :"
 He did—and Tom, half choked, cried “ Burn the
 rest !”

Red indignation flush'd upon his face,
 Whilst his poor lines received the foul disgrace ;
 The Critic seemed a monster in his sight,
 Who stab'd, at ev'ry scratch, a favourite !
 Tom swore the Critic was himself the dunce,
 And to the Muses' god appeal'd at once ;
 Before the sacred fane he stood unaw'd,
 And thus with confidence address'd the god :
 “ Think, O Apollo, what must be my pain,
 To see the guiltless children of my brain
 Expos'd to death, although so nobly born,
 Or sentenced to become the butt of scorn,
 By Critics, who usurp thy milder sway,
 And who, to save the chaff, throw grain away ;
 On paper thrones the ruthless tyrants sit,
 The foes of genius, and the scourge of wit ;
 Oh ! launch an arrow from thy silver bow,
 And lay the literary despots low.
 Grant this, great god, and my poetic fame,
 Shall be immortal as Apollo's name.”

To which Apollo said, or seemed to say,
 “ The road to fame's a steep and slippery way ;
 So slippery and so steep, that few can pass,
 Its pavement is compos'd of ice or glass ;
 Whoe'er attempts, and falls, must stand the scoff,
 Since ev'ry fall on ice excites a laugh ;
 Vain mortal ! then beware---observe this rule,
 Whoe'er writes verse must be a wit, or fool ;

Wit seems beyond thy reach, by thy inditing ;
Then, to avoid the fool, abandon writing."

This answer fill'd our poet with despair,
His fame departed like a PET EN L'AIR ;
"To heaven, nor earth," he cried, "no more I'll
trust,
Since men are partial, and the gods UNJUST !"
The Muses smil'd, the Critics laugh'd aloud,
And Tom conceal'd his head amongst the crowd.
But for his blasphemies, and libels foul,
The god transformed poor Tom into an owl,
Who like his kind, now shuns all public view,
Sings but one song, and that one song is---WHOO.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

ALMIGHTY Love ! thy sacred flame was given
To purchase peace on earth, and bliss in heav'n ;
The want of thee makes wedlock often cold,
Tho' Hymen's chain is wrought with links of gold !
While thy sweet presence can a charm impart,
To rivet soul to soul, and heart to heart :
E'en hearts which grief and sorrow long have torn,
And poverty hath pierc'd with sharpest thorn !
But 'tis the bravest, and the noblest souls,
That Love the most inspires, and most controuls ;

When Love to virtuous deeds points out the way,
 He cannot love who dares to disobey !
 Impell'd by Love, the virtuous Lavalette,
 Bar'd her fair bosom to the shafts of fate,
 And with one effort parried off the sword,
 That by a thread hung o'er her death-doom'd lord !
 Arm'd with no power but Love, the peerless wife
 Expos'd her own to save her husband's life,
 Brav'd all the horrors of the dungeon's gloom,
 And stay'd the woes of his impending doom ;
 'Till vanquish'd fate annull'd her stern decree,
 And gave him back to life and Liberty !

When beauteous Eve in Eden's garden stray'd,
 Ate the curs'd apple, and mankind betray'd,
 No consolation could her lord receive,
 He lov'd his God, but still he lov'd his Eve !
 He summon'd reason, passion to remove,
 But reason cannot quench the flame of Love !
 His mental pow'rs no argument could find,
 To tear her lovely image from his mind ;
 No balm could give his wounded spirit rest,
 Despair and madness rag'd within his breast :
 He seiz'd the fruit delightful to the view,
 And cried, " If Eve must die, I'll perish too !"
 The listening angels his attachment saw,
 And Heaven relenting, half repeal'd its law.

WORDS TO THE WIND.

MYSTERIOUS spirit ! who, and what art thou ?
 Whence dost thou come, and whither dost thou go ?
 What power impels thee through thy dubious
 course,

And gives thy nerveless wings almighty force ?
 The tocsin heard from thy tremendous car,
 Proclaims thee arm'd for elemental war,
 Thy blasts the mountains to their bases rock,
 And navies sink 'neath thy o'erwhelming shock ;
 I heard thy loud, and long-continued howl,
 'That seem'd to shake the earth from pole to pole ;
 While mountain billows raise themselves on high,
 Then burst and hurl their fragments to the sky !

But, see ! the storm is past, and all is still,
 The ocean's tranquil as the limpid rill.—
 What means all this ? great spirit of the storm !
 Inform me clearly, if thou can'st inform ;
 Resolve the doubts that rise within my mind,
 And say what unseen hands the tempest bind ;
 Say whither dost thou fly ? to what far shore ?
 Where dost thou hide, when thy fierce rage is o'er ?
 If heat attract thee, as the learned cry,
 Why dost thou howl beneath a frozen sky ?
 Why dost thou hover round an icy throne,
 Instead of rushing to the burning zone ?
 But the inquiry I in vain pursue,
 Thou mock'st alike my reason and my view ;

The sum of all our wisdom here below,
 Is just to know that things are so, and so,
 But who, or what it was that gave them laws,
 None know, for none can trace the First Great
 Cause.

MATILDA.

MATILDA was the tost and beauty
 Of the village where she dwell'd,
 And so exact in every duty,
 That few could equal---none excell'd.

For gentle mien and easy nature,
 She was by all the village loved,
 Each maiden strove to imitate her,
 And every youth to be approv'd.

To gain her hand each swain aspired,
 Each all his eloquence display'd ;
 But she by love yet uninspired,
 Or blush'd, or smil'd, at all they said :

Till Henry, at the woodbine bower,
 Unto Matilda did complain
 Of beauty's all-subduing power,
 And Cupid's arbitrary reign.

His suit by sweet persuasion urging,
 He knelt, he languish'd, sigh'd, and whin'd,

To lure the unsuspecting virgin,
And to seduce her spotless mind.

Sweet as the rose's opening blossom,
She gaz'd upon the blooming youth,
He closely press'd her flutt'ring bosom,
And softly swore eternal truth.

She with many a blush consented
To be her Henry's happy bride ;
A spurious licence he invented,
And for gold the priest complied.

'Tis done,---the ceremonial's over,
She strives to give her Henry joy ;
But a few months the fraud discover,
Which all her hopes of peace destroy.

Betray'd, abandon'd, broken-hearted,
Matilda wanders now forlorn,
By the ingrate she lov'd, deserted,
And expos'd to public scorn.

Like a fair rose by winter blasted,
Her pallid cheeks no more shall glow,
Her days with sorrow shall be wasted,
Reflections but increase her woe.

With health impair'd, and soul dejected,
One eve she sat beneath the trees,
And with her eyes to heaven directed,
'These words she spoke, or words like these

“ Here let me pine in secret sadness,
 Let ev’ry passion tear my breast,
 Remorse and shame, despair and madness,
 That which first breaks my heart is best.

“ For how shall I, though thus deserted,
 Ah ! how shall I learn to forget
 The pang I felt whene’er we parted,
 And the joy whene’er we met.

“ Though all my outward change discover,
 None, none, can feel my inward pain,
 None—save the fond unchanging lover,
 Who like to me hath met disdain.

“ Ah, Henry ! could’st thou see me languish,
 Could’st thou my tortur’d bosom see,
 Ah ! could’st thou but feel half the anguish
 That poor Matilda feels for thee ;—

“ Could’st thou behold---ah ! cruel creature,
 The burning tears gush from my eyes,
 Ah ! could’st thou view each altered feature,
 And hear my deep convulsive sighs.

“ Could’st thou”---but here her reason wander’d,
 She sank, and soon became inert ;
 No more she spoke, no more she pondered,
 The keen reflection broke her heart.

THE TRIBUTE.

SING, grateful Muse ! A Lady claims thy song,
 Whose name each lisping child has learnt to bless,
 Whene'er she passes through the rustic throng,
 To visit some lone cottage of distress.

Her bosom, like the stream that flows unseen,
 Pours out its gen'rous flood, nor seeks applause ;
 We mark its progress, and a livelier green,
 Shews the effect of a concealed cause.

Though to conceal our charity is good,
 Your goodness, lady, think not to conceal,
 Since 'tis the privilege of gratitude,
 Its feelings and emotions to reveal.

Methinks I hear some gentle spirit cry,
 " Strike loud the sounding lire, thy song pursue ;
 Enreath her brow with flowers that never die,
 And number her among the *noble few*,

Whose hearts are ever open to the poor ;
 To whom the widow never sighs in vain :
 With confidence the orphan seeks their door,
 Where drooping age leaves more than half his
 pain."

Should any stranger ask the fair one's name,
 That graces and adorns this humble page ;
 And who the Muse thus consecrates to fame ;
 A hundred tongues would answer--MISS LE SAGE.

SONNET.

SOMETIMES within the human breast is found,
 A monster of infernal origin ;
 The first-born daughter of the sire of sin,
 And still to that infernal spirit bound ;
 And, tho' engender'd on Tartarean ground,
 E'en devils hiss'd her at her horrid birth,
 And sent her hither to be nursed on earth,
 When many a gen'rous breast receiv'd a wound.
 By her all minor sins are swallow'd up ;
 She sits unrivall'd on her father's throne :
 For sweets received, she gives the bitter cup,
 And deepest wounds those who've most kindness
 shown.
 Wrapt in her self-created solitude,
 Without her like, her name's——INGRATITUDE.

LINES WRITTEN IN A FLOWER
 GARDEN.

AN, with what pen ! with what poetic powers !
 Shall I describe those groups of beauteous flowers
 That daily shine upon the grand parade,
 And court with sweetest smiles the gardener's aid ?
 Sweet sensitives ! they sue to be caress'd,
 But modestly recede, if rudely press'd.
 Soft to the touch, and pleasing to the eye,
 Their colours snow, ting'd with the rose's dye ;
 Set with fair gems, that fascinate the sight,
 And fill the gazing youth with soft delight,

The CALYX in delightful ringlets flows,
 Or in smooth braids adorns the lovely rose,
 Whose two sweet PETALS, of the ruby's hue,
 Yield to the amorous bee ambrosial dew ;
 Beneath the flower the PERICARPIUM swells,
 Whence nectar flows through pure lactarian wells,
 Round which the Loves and Graces gently play,
 While balmy zephyrs bear their sweets away ;
 Oh ! propagate those sweetest of all flowers,
 And cultivate them in Arcadian bowers ;
 Ye florists, guard them with a lover's care,---
 Let no rude blast their opening blossoms tear !
 And should their tender branches ever twine
 Round false supporters, who may undermine
 To rob them of their sweets, and ruin bring,
 Defend them, Heaven, for they've no second spring.

THE CUCKOO.

WHEN the trees are all green, and the meadows
 look gay,
 And the birds sing melodious on every spray,
 When the sweet pipe is heard through valley and
 grove,
 And all nature proclaims the soft season of love,
 The Cuckoo rehearses her short simple tune,
 In honour of April, of May, and of June,
 But cloy'd with their beauties, she then takes the
 wing,
 And seeks some fresh climate to hail a new spring.

So, my charming Louisa, while you're in your
spring,

You will ne'er want a Cuckoo your beauties to sing;
If you listen to twenty, they'll sing the same tune,
While you're in your April, your May, and your
June ;

But in your December they'll bid you adieu,
And like other Cuckoos seek beauties more new ;
Then be wise ; for remember that " time's on the
wing,"

And the roses of beauty have no second spring.

OMNIPOTENCE.

OMNIPOTENCE conceiv'd the mighty plan,
And from the womb of time a world was born :
Admiring angels hail'd its natal morn,
And view'd with joy the blest abode of man :
For blest it was, ere sin and shame began !

But, what's a world to Him, who moves unseen,
And guides the planets with a golden rein ;
And rules by laws, which angels dare not scan ?
The solar system, which the eye beholds,

Is but a cog in a superior wheel ;
Whilst that superior circle but unfolds

A miniature of a still larger scale ;
Yet, this is nothing to omniscient might :
E'en worlds of worlds are atoms in His sight.

RURAL REFLECTIONS.

THE faithful pigeon, when by man decreed,
 To give to tidings more than common speed,
 Instinctively, soon as the time has come,
 Returns with rapid flight to greet her home ;
 So the untravell'd Muse turns to that spot,
 Where stands my now neglected natal cot !
 And though some thirty years have roll'd away
 Since I beheld that cot, now in decay ;
 Though parents, brothers, sisters, all are dead,
 And a new race is sprung up in their stead,
 And though so many of my friends are gone,
 That, were I there, I scarcely should be known,
 No time, no change, wheree'er I'm doom'd to roam,
 Can from my mem'ry tear my native home !
 The trees, the shrubs, and flowers I left behind,
 Live in my heart and blossom in my mind :
 A thousand pleasing objects rise to view ;
 The drooping willow there, and there the yew ;
 There the green fields in which I used to stray,
 While TEMS to ISIS softly stole away ;
 The rushing water and the clacking mill,
 And cawing rooks, methinks I hear them still ;
 I hear, or think I hear, at break of morn,
 The skylark rising from the waving corn,
 And see her lessen, as she upward flies,
 Till grown too small for microscopic eyes :
 I look again, and old Corinium's tower
 Looks down, with pride, upon the classic bower,

Where tuneful Pope to listening Bathurst sung ;
 And where, when death his sweet ton'd harp unstrung,
 His spirit walks among the fairy throng,
 Who round him dance and tease him for a song !
 While royal Ann in sculptur'd marble weeps,
 And good old Allen* with his fathers sleeps,
 The friend and benefactor of the poor,
 Who still remember—still his death deplore :
 His honour'd memory 's still by them caress'd :
 He who regards the poor ne'er dies unblest'd !
 His parks, his woods, his gardens, and his fields,
 Still to the poor abundant labour yields,
 And labour's due reward is all they ask,
 Where'er they toil, or whate'er be their task ;
 When labour fails, as at the present time,
 What can succeed but poverty and crime !
 How oft have I, with other village swains,
 Collected garlands on those flow'ry plains :
 Or gather'd nuts from the thick hazel wood,
 Where gentle CHERNE rolls his transparent flood ;
 While viewless spirits chas'd the playful fawns,
 Through groves of laurel, and o'er verdant lawns ;
 Or climb'd the lofty elm tree's top-most bough,
 And view'd the glories of the world below ;
 Observ'd where CERES cheer'd the farmer's heart,
 And where the trees groan'd with the year's desert !
 POMONA flies when winter's frosts appear,
 But FLORA lives and reigns for ever there ;
 For ere the latest autumn flower is shed,
 The cold GALANTHUS rears its snowy head ;

* The predecessor of the present Earl Bathurst, the proprietor of that noble domain.

Nor can autumnal frosts nor winter's gloom,
 Prevent the China rose's monthly bloom;
 That sweetest flower that comes from o'er the sea,
 And second favourite from the land of tea.
 The nightingale, her evening song begun,
 And skylark rose to trace the setting sun,
 Who pour'd his glories round the village spire,
 And seem'd to set the western woods on fire:—
 It sinks—the dews arise and shades prevail,
 And night o'er nature's beauties throws her veil,
 When I descended from my sylvan throne,
 And sought my cottage on the flowery lawn.
 Such were the scenes that charm'd my youthful sight
 And such the Muse retraces with delight.
 Once happy spot! where I have often seen
 A concert or a ball on ev'ry green:
 How often have I join'd the village throng,
 And swell'd the chorus of a rustic song;
 Drank draughts of mirth from the inspiring bowl,
 And gaily caper'd round the new-raisd pole,
 Whose towering top with flowery garlands crown'd,
 Invited strangers to the festive ground,
 Where sires would smile to see their sons advance,
 And matrons join their daughters in the dance,
 While ruddy children sportively would play,
 The hope and pride of England's future day!
 Then plenty reign'd amidst content and peace,
 And joy shone bright on every peasant's face.
 But now, alas! how chang'd is every scene!
 No more the pipe is heard upon the green;
 No more the weary peasant can regale
 His drooping spirits with his home-brew'd ale,

No more a swarm of poultry meets his eye,
 No more the fatted pig grunts in his sty,
 No more his cow feeds on the common fields,
 Nor to his hand the frothy nectar yields :
 The field inclos'd, is common field no more ;
 So pass away the comforts of the poor !
 What was it then, I to the world appeal,
 That took away his bacon and his ale ?
 What took his cow and poultry away,
 Abridg'd his comforts, and reduc'd his pay ?
 What but oppression, with her iron car,
 Drawn by ambition and the fiends of war !
 'Twas that vast waste of treasure and of blood,
 Without achieving scarce one solid good ;
 'Twas that, and its effects, that have destroy'd
 Those blessings which the peasant long enjoyed.
 Alas ! how little are the rich and great
 Acquainted with the peasant's wretched state ;
 How poorly do the owners of the soil
 Appreciate the hardships, cares, and toil,
 Of those whose task it is to till the ground ;
 And, with their hands, spread new creations round,
 Of every hue that can delight the eye,
 And every sweet that nature can supply !
 Or why, amidst the plenty they have spread,
 Do the producers feel the want of bread ?
 Ah ! why, while the rich tables of the great
 Groan with the weight of gold and silver plate,
 And sumptuous viands cull'd from every part,
 And choicest wines to cheer and glad the heart !
 Why, while their wardrobes boast a splendid store
 Of rich apparel, brought from every shore ;

And while their chests contain exhaustless bags,
 Do millions pine through want, in filth and rags !
 Whence this unequal state with ills so fraught ;
 Ah, when and where was such a system taught ?
 Is this refinement ? this a civil state ?
 Is this requir'd to make a nation great ?
 Then greatness is the peasant's greatest foe,
 For he was happier when things were not so.
 In other times, e'en to the meanest clown,
 The hateful name of pauper was unknown ;
 But now the poor stand on the beggar's side,
 The scoff and scorn of opulence and pride !
 Or labour daily for a scant reward,
 Then draw their pittance from the parish board !
 The people groan, but, ah ! no CÆSAR weeps,
 The modern CÆSAR's deaf, or soundly sleeps !
 Though 'tis a virtuous weakness, not disgrace,
 If chance a tear steals down the manly face ;
 But 'tis a mark of callousness in those
 Who never wept nor felt for others woes !
 His lordship dreams of none but happy swains,
 Such as were feign'd to till Arcadian plains,
 Or such as this fair island too contain'd,
 When BURLEIGH counsell'd and ELIZA reign'd ;
 He looks at things with optics as unclear
 As those old Blucher wore, when he was here ;
 " Have you no poor ? " the dim-ey'd veteran cried,
 " No poor ! " the echo of the court replied.
 So you may, where bright speculums are seen,
 In shops, to multiply the wealth therein,
 Hear fools express their wonder as they pass,
 Unconscious of the void behind the glass.

In front, new domes and palaces arise ;
 Behind, new scenes of mis'ry meet our eyes.
 Wealth is the sire of luxury and pride,
 The very fount of that immoral tide,
 Which, spite of every check, is found to flow
 Through every grade, and taint the world below.
 Wealth tempts, with golden showers like Jove of old,
 And unprotected virtue yields to gold.
 The needy mother sees her daughter led,
 By wealth, to prostitute herself for bread ;
 Exerts her utmost means her child to save,
 Till her exertions sink her to the grave !
 The orphan then abandon'd and forlorn,
 Strolls through the public streets the child of scorn ;
 Disease and chilling want obscure her view,
 And death, in every form, her steps pursue ;
 Through murky courts expos'd to midnight air,
 Of hope bereft ! she, yielding to despair,
 Sinks on the steps of some unfriendly door,
 And sleeps the sleep of death—to wake no more.
 Such was Maria's fate, nor her's alone :
 I would to Heaven she was the only one !
 But such are to be found in every town
 Where the extremes of wealth and want are known.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

FAREWELL my country ! since I'm doom'd to roam,
 Through foreign lands, to seek a better home ;
 For what employ, what trade shall I pursue,
 To gain those comforts which are labour's due ?

Where industry, wrapt in desponding gloom,
 Sits pensive and weeps o'er her empty loom :
 Weeps o'er her sons—laments their alter'd state,
 Whose perseverance long triumphed o'er fate.
 But labour's banish'd from the *Irish* shore,
 And perseverance can triumph no more !
 Twelve years of peace have ruin'd that employ,
 Which twice twelve years of war could not destroy !

Ah ! I had hop'd that I, once more, should see
 My country happy, prosperous, and free ;
 But each succeeding day augments my care,
 And hope has led me only to despair.
 'Tis not by choice I quit my native land ;
 No, 'tis necessity that gives command.
 Were it my choice I should not feel the smart,
 But to be forced, 'tis that that cuts my heart,
 Shakes every feeling—weakens every nerve ;
 But can I stay and see my children starve,
 Or be compelled to stroll from door to door,
 And beg—a scanty pittance to procure ?
 Ought I to see the partner of my life,
 The tender mother, and the virtuous wife,
 Reduced to hear her children cry for bread,
 Without the means whereby they may be fed ;
 To see them naked, loathsome, and forlorn,
 Seeking compassion but receiving scorn ;
 Or, to complete the scene of misery,
 Behold them eat the bread of infamy ?
 No, rather let me fly through all the earth,
 And curse the hated land that gave me birth !
 What have I said ?—I would my country curse !
 Ah, sooner shall the stars forsake their course !

In spite of all the ills I'm doom'd to bear,
 Still to my bleeding heart my country's dear !
 For who can find a spot in all the earth,
 So dear to him as that which gave him birth :
 Yet I must yield to that o'erwhelming fate
 That sunk my country to its present state,
 Which thus compels her wretched sons to roam,
 And seek in foreign lands a better home.

THE EOLIAN HARP.

WHAT melting sound is this that strikes mine ears,
 And fills my soul with ecstasy divine ?
 Is it the chorus of the sacred nine,
 Or the celestial music of the spheres,
 Pealing the march of Time thro' vanquish'd years ?
 Still—still I hear it, on the wind it floats ;
 Ten thousand spirits breathe to swell the notes,
 While every tone the voice of Heaven declares !
 Hark !—now it rises to the thrilling height ;
 Now on the ear bursts like the organ's swell ;
 Now softens into notes more clear and bright
 Than those which drew EURYDICE from hell !
 The sweet vibrations, in soft murmurs, roll
 Through every nerve, and steal away the soul.

MARRIAGE.

ADDRESSED TO Miss B. ON HER WEDDING DAY.

HAIL, gentle lady ! may thy wedded state
 Yield every joy that wedlock can create ;
 That thou may'st prove what thousands never know,
 That marriage yields the greatest bliss below.

E'en God himself, when he sojourn'd on earth,
 Bless'd the pure rite, and join'd the nuptial mirth;
 And when the bridal wine no longer flow'd,
 The water blush'd when plac'd before its God!
 Confess'd the presence of the power divine,
 And in an instant chang'd to sparkling wine;
 The wondering guests beheld the miracle,
 And lo! the cup of joy again was full.
 But it requires no miracle to prove,
 That Heaven looks down and smiles on wedded love!
 O, happy state! where mutual loves reside,
 And every sober wish is satisfied,—
 Where love and duty hold alternate sway,
 And both are always ready to obey;
 For 'tis a truth that no one can disprove,
 That those who fail in duty fail in love!
 But who can fail to love who views that face,
 And that fair form compos'd of every grace;
 That gentle bosom with soft passions swell,
 Where innocence and truth for ever dwell;
 That look of love, and tender sympathies,
 Which seems to speak from those expressive eyes,
 In which we read, without possessing art,
 The gentle feelings of a faithful heart.
 Much favour'd youth! those more than earthly
 charms,
 This day shall be surrender'd to thy arms;
 Protect the treasure with an angel's care,
 And glory to possess a prize so fair.
 And thou, whom Heaven has form'd to be caress'd,
 Yield to thy wedded lord and make him bless'd;

To yield no want of dignity betrays;
 And she triumphs the most who most obeys;
 For who is he, however fond of strife,
 That will not listen to a tender wife?

HAPPINESS.

With eager steps all happiness pursue,
 But those who find it, ah! how very few!
 Where does it dwell? who shall point out the spot,
 If innocence and virtue find it not?
 And many a record in the rolls of fame,
 Prove happiness and virtue not the same.
 By transient joys our cares may be beguil'd,
 But lasting happiness is fancy's child;
 Or, if it do exist, 'tis far from here,—
 No lasting joys are found upon this sphere.
 Our brightest hopes are only gilded fears;
 And smiles are but the rainbows of our tears:
 Let human foresight do all that it can,
 A single accident upsets the plan,
 And all our schemes of happiness and fame,
 Burst like the bubbles on the mountain stream.
 Some fly abroad for happiness; while some
 Try every effort to succeed at home;
 But those who fly, like those they leave behind,
 Still feel an aching void within the mind.
 Some dream of happiness, and feel delight
 While the bright visions dance in fancy's sight;

But when the visionary dance is o'er,
 They feel less happy than they were before ;
 As the parch'd traveller sees, in desert lands,
 The fancied lake, but finds it burning sands.

VALENTINE.

DEAR nymph of all-work, goddess of the kitchen,
 As Venus fair, than Chloe more bewitching ;
 O hither come with all thy lovely charms,
 And let me fold thee in these longing arms !
 Haste, haste, my love ! my sweetest Valentine !—
 This day the fates decree thee to be mine.

No longer stain those hands with tarnish'd mettle,
 Leave ev'ry dirty pot and filthy kettle ;
 No longer scrub below, nor scour above,
 Kneel to no deity but that of Love !—
 Look on no other form nor face than mine,
 And I'll be blind to ev'ry face but thine.

Bid mop, and broom, and scrubbing-brush farewell,
 And leave unanswer'd ev'ry noisy bell ;
 Stay not, the plates and dishes to remove,
 Be deaf to ev'ry voice but that of love ;
 O let me lead thee to the sacred shrine,
 Where Hymen waits to link thy heart to mine.

The torch of love, like your bright kitchen fire,
 Warms ev'ry part, and kindles soft desire ;

Before its flame my heart for Mary burns,
 Like meat upon the spit that never turns ;
 Then haste, my love, my sweetest Valentine,
 And quench the flame rais'd by your charms divine.

MY SWEET LITTLE ANN.

So swift flies the time that I spend with my love ;
 An age would appear but a span ;
 My heart flows with gladness wherever I rove,
 If blest with my sweet little Ann.

For me in her absence no joy can be had,
 I find but small pleasure with man ;
 And, if, when alone, I grow pensive and sad,
 I fly to my sweet little Ann.

Her smiles are the sunshine that cheers at my breast,
 With her all my pleasure began :—
 I envy no monarch, while I am possess'd
 Of the charms of my sweet little Ann.

Her presence can banish all sorrow and pain,
 Till the last parting moment, and then,
 I wish to spend all the time over again
 In the arms of my sweet little Ann.

And when at our parting, I heave the deep sigh,
 Ah ! guess what I feel, if you can,
 For language then fails, and I *faltering* cry,
 " God bless you my sweet little Ann !"

WHAT IS MAN ?

Men in all ages since the world began,
 Have asked the knotty question—What is man ?
 But neither priest, philosopher, nor wit,
 Have ever on a proper answer hit.
 The living miracle the schools defies,
 And mocks the understanding of the wise ;
 The problem darkens as the years revolve,
 And time makes it more difficult to solve ;
 On man no two philosophers agree,
 So indefinite is humanity.
 Since all have fallen short who have described
 That enigmatic, various[^] natured biped,
 One of the meanest of the scribbling clan
 Proposes to reply to—What is man ?
 He is a compound, a species of the mule,
 An animal between the knave and fool !
 A thing of pride, hypocrisy, and fraud,
 Who calls himself the masterpiece of God !
 All wit, all talk, yet ever from the mark ;
 All light, all fire, yet always in the dark.
 While other brutes, although debar'd of speech,
 Teach nature's laws and practice what they
 teach ;
 And prove that man with all his sciences
 Is ages yet behind the ants and bees.
 No golden mean his genius ever plan'd,
 If not commanded he must needs command.
 Proud, partial, changeful, every passion's slave,
 But glories most when he can play the knave.
 Is he in power ? oppression is his aim,
 If out no cringing spaniel is more tame !
 Humanity and peace flow in his words,

But mark his actions and you'll find them swords.
 He asks God's aid, then tramples on his laws,
 And slaughters millions to obtain applause.
 And when to slaughter he can scarce find any,
 He thanks his God that he has slain so many !
 To-day he hurls destruction on his race,
 To-morrow cries *enough* and begs for peace.
 In peace and war his object is the same,
 'Tis wealth, 'tis power, 'tis conquest, or 'tis fame:
 All things that live and breathe before him fall,
 For he is lord and tyrant of them all.
 To please his palate millions daily die,
 And millions more to gratify his eye ;
 In short he is, to sum up in a word,
 Creation's devil! not creation's lord.
 He is a beast who does himself assail,
 And like the fabl'd snake feed on his tail,
 And in proportion as his tail decays,
 The monster's head increases in it's size.
 Look on the reptile! does not every feature
 Proclaim that man's the greatest brute in nature.
 He walks erect and bears his head on high,
 Born without wings yet ever hopes to fly ;
 Nor is it novelty to see him float
 Through seas of ether in an open boat,
 In search of science e'en among the clouds,
 And pence and wonder from the gaping crowds.
 Nor less amphibious ! his ambitious soul
 Trys every sea and strives to grasp the pole ;
 And in despite of nature and her God
 He dashes down below the briny flood,
 And drags up from the treasury beneath
 The blushing coral and the pearly wreath ;
 But all the wealth which nature has supply'd

Falls short to satisfy his boundless pride.
 Three other passions rage within his breast,
 And dictate to and govern all the rest.
 Selflove the ready advocate for self,
 And avarice grasping at dishonest wealth ;
 Ingratitude the blackest of them all
 Grins most when friends and benefactors fall.
 Such are the leading attributes of man,
 Nor priest, nor king, nor judge, nor statesman
 can
 Shake off the noxious reptile I have drawn.
 It mounts the bench, the pulpit, and the throne ;
 Pervades all ranks, in every class it breathes,
 And sire to son the matchless ill bequeaths,
 For all the venom of the reptile clan
 Falls short of that contained in reptile man.

THE DELUSIONS OF HOPE.

The "Pleasures of Hope" have been sung by a
 bard
 Whose songs e'en the critics have treated as
 pets,
 But has he not fawn'd, or paid too much regard
 To a lady so backward in paying her debts ?
 It gives me much pain to speak ill of that lady,
 But truth is a nymph I must ever adore,
 And as Hope has so often deceiv'd me already
 Henceforth I'll transfer all my favours to her.
 Hope e'en in my childhood had promis'd me
 fame ;

I believed her soft tales and my bosom beat high,
 Though Truth then whisper'd soft 'to deceive
 is her aim,
 And her promise though specious will end in a
 lie.'

I was shock'd at the harsh uncouth language
 of Truth,

For Hope had been always my favourite Miss,
 So gentle, so soothing, her language so couth,
 That we never could part without taking a kiss.

Whenever I sung she would hang on my arm,
 And would flatter my muse till my soul was on
 fire;

Then I fancied my song would contain such a
 charm

That the world would applaud and the muses
 admire.

"O print it," she cried, I adopted the hint;
 For I dreamt that my fame and my fortune
 would come.

But, lo! when my ditty was put into print,
 The world became blind, and the muses were
 dumb.

At this silent contempt I was almost struck dead;
 Ah! none but luckless authors can feel how
 distressing

Thus to be neglected, perhaps never read;
 Even censure itself would have been a great
 blessing.

Hope and I for a season fought shy of each other,
 I was deaf to her whispers and blind to her smiles,
 Though she strove to allure me to this, that
 and t'other,

I treated with scorn all her arts and her wiles,
 But when friendship and patronage kindly were
 proffer'd,

To her winning allurements I yielded at last;

I gave her my hand and my bosom I offered,
And kiss'd and caress'd her and pardon'd the
past.

“ O try that sweet love-song ” the sorceress said,
“ And those elegant lines you address'd to your
friend,
And your fame is established, your fortune is
made,
For the hard who has friends e'en the critics
commend.”

Truth again interfered and exclaim'd “ she's a
liar !
And her tales and caresses are only a joke ;
Then weak mortal beware ! for though thou
art all fire,
Thy friends and thy patrons are nothing but
smoke.”

I turn'd from the picture which Truth had just
painted,
And dismiss'd the rude nymph with a soul
freezing frown,
Then flew to fond Hope, who already had fainted,
And rais'd and embraced her, and call'd her my
own.

Our love now encreas'd and new visions we
sought,
And a bantling was look'd for our amours to
bless;
But what was my grief when the tidings were
brought,
That the offspring of Hope dropp'd still-born
from the press.

I flew to my promised patrons and friends,
But some had forgotten the promise they made,
And some who remember'd would make no
amends,
And some were gone into the country or dead.

Thus abandon'd to sorrow, vexation, and care,
 To Truth and to reason I bound myself o'er,
 Then rushed into court, in a fit of despair,
 And bound over Hope to molest me no more.

CO-OPERATION.

“ Why was I born ? ah, why did cruel fate
 Conduct me to this miserable state ?
 To be a slave degraded and despised,
 With feelings only to be tantalized ;
 Condemn'd to sweat and toil for other's good,
 And waste my days in cheerless servitude.
 Though industry I soberly pursue,
 No cheering prospect breaks upon my view ;
 No funds for sickness, and no prop for age,
 Ah, what but sorrows can my soul presage ?
 I see the idle drones around me thrive,
 While I can scarcely keep myself alive ;
 Without the means to bear me from the strand,
 I live an exile in my native land ;
 Nor I alone, for more than half mankind
 The more they toil the more they are behind.
 This I could bear, nor should my soul complain,
 Were not my children link'd to the same chain ;
 And must they drag it through a future age,
 When their poor father long has left the stage !
 Ah, must the tears of woe for ever run,
 Must misery descend from sire to son ?
 And must the millions that are yet unborn
 Be doom'd like me to penury and scorn ?
 Forbid it, Heaven ! repeal the stern decree,
 O, spare my children ! if you spare not me.”

Thus sung the man of woes, nor sung in vain,
 A gentle spirit heard the mournful strain,
 And filled with pity for the lot of man,
 The Genius of Philanthropy began :—

“ Rash mortal cease ! attribute not to fate,
 The ills so thickly strewn in every state ;
 Know that corrupted systems and bad laws
 Have ever been the universal cause
 Of half the evils which afflict mankind,
 Whether they wound the body or the mind.
 But new creations round thee shall arise,
 And brighter stars shall burst upon thine eyes ;
 New systems shall be form'd upon a plan,
 Which shall restore the golden state of man.
 It was for this that heaven first gave me birth,
 And now decrees that I shall reign on earth ;
 Live in all commerce, breathe through every
 trade

And teach the principles of mutual aid ;
 Give the great body politic a soul,
 Unite all parts, and make a glorious whole !
 And as your senses, limbs, and faculties,
 Your physical and mental energies,
 All act on the co-operative plan,
 To feed and clothe, and civilize the man,
 The glorious system of co-operation,
 When put in practice by the population,
 Shall furnish every necessary good,
 Clothes for the back, and for the belly food.
 Thy children shall enjoy a happier lot,
 Nor shall their education be forgot ;
 The arts of life shall rapidly improve,
 And *sordid self* be lost in social love.
 Then man shall yield to the divine command,

And raise his superstructure on the land ;
 The earth shall yield a triplefold increase,
 And want be banish'd from the human race,
 For this just system shall that mean restore,
 Which leaves none princely rich or beggarly
 poor."

MATTER.

Mysterious Matter ! who can comprehend
 Its operations varying without end ?
 Ah, who can trace the principles that roll
 Through every part and stir the mighty whole ?
 Whose atoms are through endless changes tost,
 And yet no particle is fairly lost :—
 Destroy the globe with water or with flame,
 Its weight and measure will remain the same ;
 And were its ashes but together thrown,
 They'd form another world large as our own.
 However matter changes all agree
 It loses nothing but identity :—
 We see it fall in man, then rise in grass,
 To feed the stately ox and stupid ass ;
 We see the milk of one drunk by the queen,
 The other's flesh on princely boards is seen ;
 For *roasted beef* which Britons count so good,
 Invades and riots in the royal blood,
 And that, perhaps, is why some kings, alas !
 Have too much ox, and others too much ass,

ELLEN.

Ye Nymphs whose eyes with tears are swelling,
 Say where is Theodorus* flown?
 Reveal it to his faithful Ellen,
 Whose bosom beats for him alone.
 By yon pale moon's cold light I'll wander,
 While happier maidens sweetly sleep,
 And on his absence will I ponder,
 For him I'll sing, and sigh, and weep.
 When with wild roses and green rushes,
 My aching forehead I have crown'd,
 I'll seek my love among yon bushes,
 Where he hides only to be found.
 That he is there I do not fear it,
 Since he cannot be found at home,—
 I know his voice—methinks I hear it—
 Hark, hark! he calls—I come, I come.

FRIENDSHIP.

TO MR. B—

You bid me write on friendship—what a task!
 To write on that which I have never seen,
 Nor felt the boasted blessings of its reign,
 Though I have often seen and felt its mask;
 'Tis smooth and hollow like an empty cask!
 'Tis generous even to the child of want
 In promises, but ah! how slow to grant
 The slightest boon its votaries may ask!
 Try every rank and class among mankind,
 From the poor peasant to the man of wealth;
 Examine human nature and you'll find
 No friendship's to be found unmix'd with self.

* Theodore was the faithful lover of Ellen. He was accidentally killed by the discharge of a spring gun; the loss of him bereft Ellen of her reason.

If friendship has a soul as well as name,
And warms the world, 'tis interest fans the flame.

THE FIRST FLIGHT.

The half fledged nestling in her first essay,
Shakes her short wings and hops from spray to
 spray,
While other birds who long have learnt to flee,
Glide round and round to lure her from the tree;
Inspired by hope she kicks the trembling bough,
And soars regardless of the depth below;
Exerts her utmost strength, but in the bound,
Her pinions fail and she falls to the ground.
So the young muse but just escap'd from school,
Soars destitute of every nicer rule;
Hope, fear, and doubt are present while she sings,
Hope bids her rise, but fear contracts her wings;
And should she chance to make a slight ascent,
Officious doubt and lordly precedent,
So baffles her in her attempts to rise,
'Tis hard to tell whether she hops or flies;
Yet like the bird obeys ambition's call:
And spreads her daring wings perhaps to fall.

THE GRAND FETE IN 1814.

Ingratitude and hate—It is the devil—
And Britons you have not been over civil,
To pay the Regent with your hateful hisses,
For all our heavenly sights and earthly blisses.
'Twas he that bade the murdering carnage cease,
He spoke, and lo! all Europe was at peace;

His paper systems* made all nations trust us,
 And fifty princes hail'd the great AUGUSTUS—
 Him they applauded with chivalric rage,
 And dubb'd him the first monarch of the age:
 Though half his genius then they could not know,
 What would they say had they but seen his show?
 'Twas he that bade the magic temple rise,
 And rear'd the grand pagoda to the skies ;
 That sent the squadrons to the Hyde park seas,
 And barber's lanterns hung to light the trees ;
 That did proclaim the great imperial FAIR,
 And sent balloons to revel in the air.
 Now comes the scene that baffl'd all description,
 And equalled all the most romantic fiction ;—
 Serpents and flower pots, and Roman candles,
 Rockets, catherine wheels, and bright giran-
 doles,
 Made all the firmament above to glow,
 While the full moon *infected* all below.
 Look where you would, 'twas prodigy and won-
 der ;
 Comets, meteors, lightning, claps of thunder ;
 Till peal on peal had deafened every ear,
 And some there were that really quaked with
 fear;
 When clouds of smoke in quick succession roll'd,
 And turned the temple into flaming gold.
 O sight of sights ! such ne'er was seen before—
 'Twas worthy of the royal conqueror,
 Who did all this his subjects to delight,
 Yet—more than man ! denied himself the sight.
 But when the temple turn'd upon its axis,
 A voice exclaimed “no more complain of taxes”†
 This more than pays for twenty years of sorrow,
 And if I live I'll thank the prince to-morrow,
 Who merits praise from every man in life,
 And every woman but his ch—d and wife.

* Subsidy Bills, &c.

† Lord Eldon's speech in the house of Lords.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

“ This unpretending little volume contains a collection of poems by an humble artisan. We are well aware that, notwithstanding all that the world owes to the self-taught children of genius, the pedantry of the schools still looks down with sovereign contempt upon the literary efforts of him who cannot boast of a “ regular education,” yet, is not the scholar often learned in words alone? and are not the original effusions of him who copies nature only, frequently more valuable than the polished tinsel of the professor? The author is of the trade of Robert Bloomfield: let not the stern critic quote with a sneer, the hacknied maxim—*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. His poem entitled *Hornsey Wood*, perhaps, displays more faults than beauties, but some of his minor pieces are very superior; and we would fain encourage the author to proceed, in the hope of improvement.”

Weekly Dispatch, Sept. 20, 1829.

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